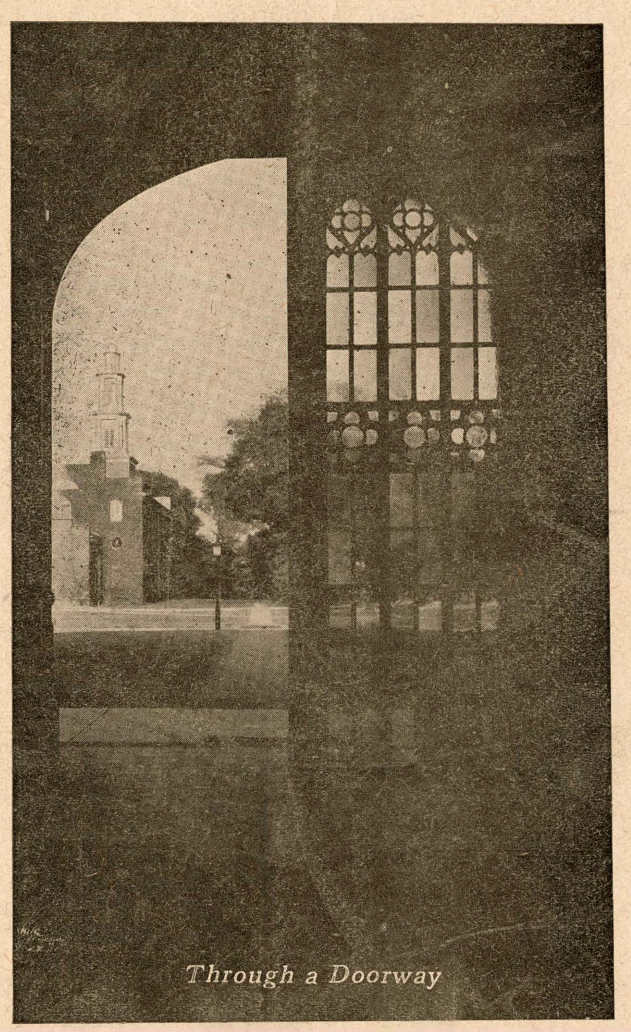
no. 3

HAMILT NEWS

SEPTEMBER 5, 1945



Through a Doorway

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HAMILTONEWS

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WHO ARE THE REALISTS?

by

Warren E. Schulz

In 1941 Paul Birdsall wrote a book called "Versailles Twenty Years After". It traced the trend of world affairs from the Versailles Conference through the twenties and thirties, a rather trying time for an incipient world organization that had three strikes against it before it got up to bat. Birdsall concludes his book by asking who were the realists at the Versailles Conference, Wilson or the Clemenceau-Lloyd George-Orlando power politics group. Similarly when we look at the world today we may well take time out to ask, "Who are the realists?"

Now that the war is over we find ourselves face to face with the problem which no war ever has yet solved or ever will -- namely, how to live together in productive cooperation on a globe that is geographically "one world". The treatment that Germany and Japan will receive in the near future is uppermost in the minds of world-minded citizens. Opinion on this subject varies all the way from prolonged military control of economic life to a policy of laissez-faire wherever possible. It was encouraging to read recently that General Eisenhower looks forward to a short occupation period for Germany and even hopes that the mayor of Munich, Germany's second city, may soon be popularly elected.

Yet still we hear the voices of those who think Germany should be stripped of her industries and reduced to the state of an agrarian nation, "so that she can never again threaten the peace of the world". "We have won the war," they say, "so let's show Germany (and Japan) what it means to be a defeated nation." It is their voices that are hollering the loudest for reparations -- that in spite of the economic disaster reparations helped produce in the late twenties. Not only does this policy of complete disruption of the economic systems of Europe and Asia, accompanied by long occupation seem dangerously impracticable, but it has other defects. It would appear that the "hard peace" men (if there be peace that is hard) are as deficient in hindsight as they are in foresight.

We can profitably look even further back in history than the World War when Woodrow Wilson's ideals were so carefully sidetracked. Think for a moment of the "peace" the Republicans gave the Southerners after the Civil War. Lincoln with his more visionary plans had died, so the reactionary Republicans held full sway. What the war had left of crops and homes were plundered and often confiscated; The Confederates were denied the right to vote; a low class of Northerners took advantage of the political situation and shameful corruption resulted. Now, eighty years later, we are still reaping the harvest of that "peace". Our actions were written so indelibly on the minds of the Southerners that today the grandchildren and great grandchildren of the men who fought the Civil War still understand "dammyankee" as one word.

Whether or not the realists have their way today should be of major concern to us, for it will undoubtedly affect our children if not ourselves directly. Shall we as proud victors take their well-earned revenge on the defeated nations, of shall we be realists for a change?

CAMPUS COMMENTS
by ELLERY

FRATERNITY NOTES: I met a fair young damsel the other day, who was wearing a toothbrush on the lapel of her sport jacket. "Come hither, gentle maiden", quoth I, I fain would commune with thee. What, may I ask, is the purpose of the very novel decoration you are wearing?" "That, she replied, is my boy friend's fraternity pin. He goes to Colgate".

SCHOLARSHIPS: Overheard one of the visiting coaches telling of a college that offers an athletic scholarship covering room, board and beer. Sounds interesting. Must remember to brush up on my parlor rugby.

SCHOLARLY RETORT: Am told of Gilbert Prentiss' father finding him with the maid on his knee. "Why, Gil," he exclaimed, "I'm surprised!" "No", he answered, "I am surprised, you are amazed."

BASEBALL: Kurt Beyer, recently at Hamilton Coaching School, tells a story about the batter who was facing Bob Feller for the first time. The first two pitches zipped across the plate before he could get his bat off his shoulder. Twice the umpire cried "Strike!" The batter tightened his grip, determined to bite into the next one. "Strike three!" shouted the ump. The batter's jaw dropped, and he turned to the umpire. "Say" he said, "didn't that last pitch sound low?

TO A CERTAIN DEGREE: Hear that the faculty believes the only way yourn trewlie will ever get a degree is by purchasing a thermometer. Very discouraging.

SCRAPS: Is it true that Sandy Lankler calls his gal Sugar cuz she's sweet and refined?

Did I ever tell you about my gal Gertie? She's so thin that I have to feed her onions so I can find her in the dark.

Stopped at a hotel over the weekend and overheard a very interesting conversation. A young couple were signing the register at the desk when a bellhop came over. "Carry your bag, sir?" he asked. "No," replied the gentleman, "She can walk up".

I like to think of myself as an old army man, having served five years with the regulars. Some folks don't think that is anything to be proud of. Recall hearing of a man who told his draft board that te had three sons; two living and one in the army. Wonder if Alummus, General Biddle, would care to comment on that. How about it, Sir?

Stories about the absent minded professors have been numerous. How about an absent minded student for a change? There was a young chap who drove the family car to school and after class took the bus to Utica. His parents sent him back after the car, and he bought a round trip ticket.

Teachers have their troubles too. In a Tennessee mountain school the instructor had one particular young'un who took a bath in the summer and not quite so often in the winter. The youth's mother received a note suggesting that he be dunked in some soapy water, to which she replied, "My Willie ain't no rose, - larn him, don't smell him."

Incidentally, do youse guys know the difference between a sigh, a fur coat and a nut? A sigh - "Oh, dear". A fur coat - "Too dear". A nut - "You, dear".

THE POET'S CORNER

Perhaps last Spring would have been a more appropriate time to have started this column, but, as we were not able to detect this Spring's beginning or ending, the column may still be better late than never.

The purpose of the column is to obtain as much material as possible from local muse-ridden talent. We hope this end may be reached by first publishing some poems that will not be hard to surpass --- thus lending encouragement to the embryo Byrons and Tennysons in our midst. So read them, perhaps weep at them, or laugh at them, and send in your own gems, - whether they be tender, comical or otherwise.

WAR NEUROSIS

I saw a flame-thrower's blooming arc.
I heard bombs scream and cry.
I saw blood froth from comreade's mouths.
I saw them squirm and die.

Then slow, a warm, gentle red fog
Came, enveloped me, and took my mind away from Man
Who brought these things to the Earth.

A ROSE

My soul beheld a rose,
But I was blinded by my sight
Instead I chose a mound of dung
It was dropped in form more round.

THE WORD

Oh! You proud, proud rulers of men!
Think that you can answer the question in a mother's heart
As she gazes on those dread words?
Think that you can answer with your words that wars have
been and always will be,
Her mute question ---- why?
Then think Man, think and learn,
Until you can come forth with words of trust
That this shall not be again.

Contributed by:- JAMES R. CASTLEBERRY

STORM

Far off, in the somber, brooding sky
There is a hint, a tiny bit of black,
Which grows, and from a faint suggestive form
Reveals its latent might.

The Heavens, armed and fierce in battle dress,
Relieve the clouds from their long-suffered stress.
The torrents force their pow'r into the sod
And all is still again --- at peace with God.

FUTILITY

The world is a mystification
to the little ants thereon
Who pause and wonder the heavy heel
which trod their hills upon.
With utmost righteous industry
they re-pile amber sand
Only to see it mussed again
by a calloused, probing hand.

V-J DAY

The world dressed up in Sunday clothes
And walked the path of peace.
He bowed his head before a stone,
the sign of Mars' decease.

Contributed by Ralph Shulansky

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB DISCUSSES U.S. BASES IN THE PACIFIC

At a regular meeting last Wednesday evening, the International Relations Club discussed the question of whether the United States should acquire the island bases in the Pacific which we have retaken from Japan. The opening reports for the affirmative and negative respectively were made by Tom Maccabe, and club's president, and George Harlan.

The islands which were involved in the discussion included those which the League of Nations mandated to Japan after World War I and also the islands owned by Allied countries at the beginning of this war which our Allies were unable to defend and which America had to reconquer.

Tom Maccabe said that the bases are necessary for our defense, and he quoted President Truman, leading spokesman for the Army and Navy, and the report of a Congressional committee which recently investigated the situation to prove that there could be no doubt of their necessity for our safety. He added that there could be no question of "imperialism", since American possession of the bases would insure the security of all Pacific peace loving nations.

George Harlan replied that America should place its safety entirely in the hands of an international organization, and that for us to try to protect our shores by armed forces and bases of our own would be both reactionary and tending to break down the whold structure of the San Francisco Charter. He also stated that the security of America was no more important than the security of any other nation or way of life, so it would be contrary to the interests of other nations for us to keep the islands.

In the ensuing open discussion, it was said that America could not successfully defend Guam so we might not be able to defend these islands either, but it was replied that the reason America could not defend Guam was that Japan held so many nearby heavily fortified islands. Also, it was pointed out that we do not know who may be a hostile nation in the future, and that a present ally, like Japan in World War I, may be a future enemy, so security demands that America keep the bases.

The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, September 12th.

POET'S CORNER continued

UNTURNED STONES

We are the youth,
the untouched ones;
Unscathed by war.
We lacked the years...
or strength;
We unturned stones
in the nation's pool.

What means this peace to us?
Gasoline (motor trips),
Cigarettes (by the carton),
Peacetime gaity.
You must forgive us
for our thoughts,
For we have known little
but war.
And yet we know the meaning.
They say, -- our elders --
that we must build the peace.
We will
For, deep at heart,
we do know the meaning...
We unturned stones. Frederick S. Kellogg.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In order for a college journal to be a success it must satisfy, as nearly as possible, the students. As no one knows better than the students themselves just what will appeal to the majority, it is the desire of the Hamiltonews Staff to publish, at one time or another, a contribution from each member of the student body. If you have something that you would like to write about, prose, poetry, or even a letter to the Editor, send it in and help us to give you the type of school paper that you want to read.

ELLERY

HAMILTON COLD-CUTS
BY
Burns and Lenkler

Onions to Mrs. Carter's little pill, Dwight (Dwrong) refering to the "musty, dusty" rooms here at Hamilton. We have it from reliable sources that Mrs. Bates defies Dwight to come and find any dust in the rooms that she attends. As for the halls, "Louie" challenges him to a duel with dust rags at ten paces.

HITS THAT FIT ****

"Night and Day" . . . . . Jake Crossley and his text books
"In the Evening By The Moonlight" . . . . . (with a blanket) Jack Connolly
"1-A In The Army" . . . . . Hugh Smith
"I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter" . . . Tom "Senator" Maccabe
"High On A. Windy Hill" . . . . . The Hamilton Boys.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS **** "Got a nickle for a coke?"

POST WAR HOUSING AT HAMILTON: Most of us have, by this time, heard about the possibility of "double" roomies taking in a third member to their household. This is alright for those who use sweet smelling after-shave lotion and the mumerous soaps, toothpastes, etc., that are advertised over the radio ad nauseam, but how about the others? I am told that one of the forgotten men is on the market for a pup tent. Most of the fellows are putting up a fight however, and the Listerine and Lifebuoy is being imported by the carload. There appears to be a scale from which a mans priority is estimated, and it is listed here in order that you may judge for yourself exactly what your chances are,- 1. Does he have a car? 2. Is he intelligent? 3. Does he have a car? 4. Is he clean living? 5. Does he have a car? 6. Is he neat and not too nosey? 7. Does he have a car? 8. Does he have a sense of humor? 9. Does he have a car? 10. Is he a "Brain"?

SPORT NEWS AND VIEWS: by Jack Connolly.

As a result of rumors around the campus concerning Hamilton's switch to intercollegiate competition, we have noticed a spirit among the students that often takes month to develop. Ed. McKeever, head coach at Cornell, favors Hamilton resuming college athletics on a major scale, if competition of equal calibre can be found. Roy Green, Ass't basketball coach at Cornell stated; "With an eighty-five man enrollment you could not go wrong in organizing basketball, even if schedules were limited to 12 or 14 games. Kurt Beyer, of Norwich High, felt that he expressed the view of most of the student coaches attending coaching school when he praised the facilities available here, and saw no reason why Hamilton could not attain the heights she once held among the small colleges of the East.

HIGHLIGHTS of HAMILTON

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